Explicit

No Archive Warnings Apply

Other

ULTRAKILL (Video Game)

Gabriel/V1 (ULTRAKILL)

V1 (ULTRAKILL)
Gabriel (ULTRAKILL)

Crack Treated Seriously
Angels is bugs
Gabriel molts like a bug or perhaps crab
Pain Kink
Religious Guilt
no actual genitalia
gabriel is touch starved like woah
Begging

English Part 1 of Angels is Bugs Next Work →

6 Dollar Srimp Special

LuxLightly

Summary:

Gabriel molts his armor and is very sensitive to touch. That's the fic.

Notes:

Did you know that many crustaceans and invertebrates only mate in the time immediately after a molt before they harden up again so perspective mates will tap on their exoskeleton and help them out of their old skin? I thought that was interesting.

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

Gabriel came across the Machine on its knees. From a distance, it was unclear what it was doing.

As he approached, he noticed that it was in fact crouched over something, inspecting it closely.

He recognized it immediately, to his embarrassment. His shed exoskeleton from his recent molt, only an hour or so prior.

Careless for him to have left it out in the open like this, really. It was like a neon sign alerting anyone who saw it that there was a soft, freshly molted angel around.

Normally, he'd have hidden or eaten it, but it had been so long since his last molt, hundreds of years. He was out of practice and had been more concerned with getting himself somewhere more easily defensible until he hardened up at least somewhat.

Why did V1 seem so interested in it, though, he wondered. It was running its hands over the metal, almost reverently. Was it searching for something it could use?

It better not have been trying to steal his fucking arm.

Landing softly, a few meters away, Gabriel almost voiced this to it out loud, but stopped short as he noticed V1 seem to droop, a low whine that he recognized as being mournful emitting from it.

Its head pressed against the shed and its arms wrapped around it in something like an embrace.

Gabriel would not say he fully understood all of his foe turned friend's mannerisms (or basically any of them), but this was bizarre even for the V1.

"Machine, *why* are you…hugging my discarded exoskeleton?" Gabriel asked.

V1 nearly leapt to its feet, its surprise indicating it apparently had no idea he was there.

Upon seeing him, its wings fanned out behind it and it made a series of excited whirring and chirping noises.

Without warning, it flung itself at him, nearly prompting him to draw his swords to defend himself, only to throw its arms around him and cling to his torso.

To say Gabriel was confused would have been an understatement.

The Machine was often excited to see him, but this was abnormal even by its standards. There was a certain sort of intensity to the way it clung to him that Gabriel couldn't place.

He looked down at the Machine, then to his shed, then suddenly he understood.

Machines did not shed their carapaces. The rent apart metal shell of a robot did not indicate a weak robot nearby, it indicated a destroyed one in front of you. It had been so long since his last molt that it had not shed cleanly, but rather in ragged chunks.

To one unaware of the truth, it would appear as though he'd been torn to pieces.

"Ah…I see…" Gabriel said, at last. "I'm sorry to have caused you undue distress, Machine. I assure you I am quite well. Though I appreciate your concern for my well-being."

V1 released him from its embrace and tilted its head in an indication of a question, then nodded towards the shed.

"My armor is a part of my being, not something worn. At times, either to facilitate new growth or to repair damage, I must shed the outermost layer and regrow it," Gabriel explained. "It's been a very very long time since I've had need to. Our fights have been the first thing to damage me enough to require a full shed in centuries. I…uh…had some trouble…"

Another head tilt, silently asking for explanation.

Gabriel cleared his throat, awkwardly.

"I uh…I got stuck," he admitted. "And had to sort of…break my way out."

He cleared his throat again and stood up straighter, ridding the embarrassment from his voice.

"Rest assured, should I need to molt again, I'm sure I'll have far less trouble," he said.

V1 seemed to contemplate this. It then looked to him and pointed at itself, then him, then made a motion like pulling something apart. A tilt of its head indicated a question.

Gabriel took a moment to process the meaning of the gestures.

"Oh! You're asking if you would be able to…assist me?"

V1 nodded.

Gabriel felt himself heat up from both bashfulness and something more salacious.

V1 hadn't even known he molted. It could have had no idea what the cultural implications surrounding it were, nor biological. Could not know how much more …ahem…*accessible* the body of an angel was directly after a shed, and the certain biological impulses that could therefore surround it. It could be nothing else but an entirely innocent request based on concern for an ally in a moment of vulnerability and weakness.

And yet, picturing the Machine helping him pull apart his old armor, running its fingers along the achingly sensitive new flesh beneath to gently separate it from the old plating,Gabriel being so tender and practically helpless in its arms while his skin was sensitive enough that even a light breeze made him shiver…it made something fearful but also hungry coil in his gut.

His hesitation to answer seemed to be taken as offense to the question by V1, who quickly raised its hands in a placating motion as if to say "Nevermind! Forget I asked!"

"No!" Gabriel insisted, perhaps a bit too fast. He reigned back his response. "That is to say that I would be…more than grateful to have your assistance with that. It is a…vulnerable time for an angel, before my new armor has fully formed. I would be…I would feel…It would be beneficial to have someone I…trust be there to assist me during it."

V1 nodded, slowly. Was there some unspoken understanding in the gesture? Could it possibly have sensed the weight of their exchange? It destroyed Gabriel not to know, but no more than everything else about his strange alliance with the Machine did.

Gabriel looked up and away from V1.

"Very well," he said, struggling to keep a tone of casual indifference. "Then that's settled. Though I don't even know if I'll need to-- AH!"

Gabriel yelped as a metal finger traced along the line where his “breastplate” connected to the rest of his abdomen, only barely raised up from the rest of the skin.

V1 jumped back, startled by his response, and held its hands up, apologetically.

Gabriel rapidly tried to pull himself together.

“Forgive me,” he said. “I'm simply still teneral -uh- *soft*. I'm somewhat…sensitive to touch.”

V1 just looked up at him, robotic visage as excruciatingly unreadable as ever.

He swallowed.

“I was just surprised,” he clarified. “You're welcome to…that is to say I don't mind if you…um…”

Luckily for Gabriel, V1 saved him from any more embarrassing floundering, understanding the intent behind his jumbled words.

It laid its palm against his chest, touch gentle, almost feather light.

It looked at him for confirmation.

He nodded, trying desperately to maintain composure. This was an innocent curiosity of being that endlessly sought to understand things around it, no more intimate than its threat assessments and battle data.

Nothing more than a desire for knowledge of an unknown biology guided its fingers along the edges of his plating, tracing along the ridge that would later rise up to form his chest piece, no matter how much it felt like reverence.

“Once it's hardened, my thicker armor loses most of its sense of touch,” Gabriel said, trying for a tone of causal explanation, a chance to give information and come to a better understanding. “Normally I wouldn't be able to feel more than pressure or significant temperature.”

And yet the unsaid implication hung in the air: *“It has been centuries since I have felt anyone's touch there.”*

V1’s fingers followed the curve of his breastplate down to the golden inlaid curves on his stomach,the color dull and barely visible against the porcelain white of his skin. In a few hours, his skin there would harden and darken to its normal nearly jet black and deep gold hues, but for now it was almost translucent.

Gabriel inadvertently flinched, sucking in a quick breath.

V1 quickly looked up at his face, silently questioning if a line had been crossed.

“Just…ticklish,” Gabriel assured. It wasn't entirely *untrue*, anyway.

V1 returned to its inspection higher up on his body, likely to avoid areas it might think would be more sensitive or ticklish.

It ran a finger along the ring in the center of his chest, feeling the slight dip that would deepen as the plating rose up around it. His armor was hardest there, already taking on more solid, metallic properties again.

Under its tender examination, Gabriel felt himself being driven utterly mad by the way each touch set his skin alight with sensation, but just too little to bring any kind of satisfaction to his craving for physical contact. His skin had hardened up just enough that the feel of the feather light touches was dulled and it made every one only stoke his need for more.

It had been so, so long since he'd felt kind hands upon him at all, even longer still since this flesh had been soft enough to truly feel it. He felt starved for touch in a way he'd never realized he had the capacity for. Something in him, usually well contained, felt ravenous and it took all his willpower to keep his body and voice from betraying his suffering and his yearning to press himself against V1’s hand until he could clearly feel each digit.

V1’s touch moved towards his side, where his armor curved to allow him a wider range of side to side motion. A ridge already was beginning to form where it raised up from the rest of his body, just to the side of where a pectoral muscle would be on a human body, and, seemingly curious about the difference in resistance between the two areas, it gave the flesh a gentle squeeze.

No amount of practiced self control could hold back the desperate whimper that escaped Gabriel.

He gasped, shocked by his own reaction, mortification mixing with the fire of yearning in his gut, sending a rush of heat to his face.

V1’s head snapped up to look at him, hand freezing in place.

Words seemed to stick in Gabriel's throat. Overwhelmed by his mix of shame and desire, he could do no more than pant heavily while half formed words tried and failed to escape him.

The Machine’s single eye seemed to bore into him. His own face did not emote, it occurred to him suddenly. Did it lament the inability to read his emotions via facial expression the way he did its?

With verbal and non verbal communication failing the both of them, V1 opted for experimentation.

Its hand slid downward, following the curve of his armor to his waist and gave the flesh there a firm, kneading squeeze.

A moan all but tore itself from Gabriel's throat, the sound almost pained, as the throb of pleasure at V1’s touch alighted a desperate need for more that even Gabriel's most deep seated shame could not quell.

Without even thinking, he grabbed the hand at his waist and pressed it harder against his skin, holding it there like he feared it would pull away if he didn't.

"Please!" he begged, his voice bordering on a whine. He wasn't even sure what he was begging for. Just more. Just for these touches not to stop, he couldn't bear it if they stopped now, leaving his skin aching with an unfulfilled hunger for touch.

Luckily, V1 seemed to have no intention of letting him suffer.

And luckier still, it had three more hands at its disposal.

Clawed fingers raked gently down Gabriel's spine, making him shudder, while two others splayed their fingers over his chest plate, running them down the smooth surface of the hardening armor. All the while, the hand at his waist continued its kneading.

Gabriel threw his head back with a gasp, squirming under V1's ministrations, the sensations both overwhelming and addicting in equal measure.

He felt his knees going weak as heat pooled in his stomach, and between his legs.

V1, as always, knew when to press an advantage.

It raked its claws down his spine again, just shy of hard enough to draw blood and Gabriel saw stars. A slight shift of its weight was all it took, then, to knock him backwards off his feet and send them both to the ground.

Gabriel landed flat on his back and V1 maneuvered itself so it sat with legs straddling his waist.

Relentless as always, it granted him no time to recover, using their new, more stable position to its advantage.

It pressed two hands firmly against his chest, kneading plating there hard enough that even the duller nerves of the hardening armor could feel the squeeze. Meanwhile, a finger of its third hand traced agonizingly light circles around the rim of the circle in the center of his chest and its fourth ran along the bottom ridge of his chest plate.

Gabriel arched up into their touch, no longer trying to hold back the gasps and groans each one drew from him.

All the while, V1 watched him intently, optic half lidded and fans whirring in its chest, seeming enraptured with what it saw. It seemed to take nearly as much delight in observing the effect each touch had on Gabriel as Gabriel took in being touched.

It still wasn't enough. The barrier of hardening armor dulling his sense of touch made even the harder grasps fall short of providing relief for the hunger burning across his skin.

More…harder. Please…" he begged.

V1 complied.

Its hands moved from his chest and focused instead on more vulnerable areas of softer, more sensitive flesh.

Fingers dragged along the underside of his jaw, where his helmet met his neck, pressing hard enough for him to feel it against his windpipe.

Others kneaded at the meat of his bicep while others still scratched at his stomach, drawing hair thin gashes in the skin there, then dragging back up to soak up the blood that beaded up from the wounds.

Normally, he'd barely be able to feel such tiny cuts but, with his new skin so tender and sensitive, even those minuscule wounds were like trails of fire across his flesh, the pain sharp, clear, and exquisite.

Dear God, but how would it feel to have this flesh flayed apart by those claws? Soft, vulnerable skin sliced to ribbons, brand new nerve endings screaming from the raw pain.

The mental image alone sent a convulsion through Gabriel, pleasure throbbing through his body and settling between his legs and he let out a sharp gasp, taken by surprise at the intensity of his own reaction.

His back arched upwards beneath V1 who also jolted in surprise.

His gasp melted into a moan as the sudden spasm of pleasure released him, which turned then to needy whines as the throbbing between his legs became unbearable.

Squeezing his thighs together did little to relieve him and he unthinkingly began to cant his hips upwards, trying to rut against V1. Their current positioning didn't lend itself well to the attempts, but he was too lost to his desire to care.

He barely even understood exactly what he wanted or how to get it. The hardening period after a molt was generally a time for isolation and self reflection, to meditate on the nature of temptation. To overcome the allures of the flesh that were never stronger than during those first few hours.

He'd suffered through those hours, many a time before, praying for forgiveness for the thoughts and desires that filled his mind, the sinful fantasies that played out in his imagination, despite his best attempts to repress them.

Now, however ,with the opportunity to act on those once shameful fantasies, he had no idea what to actually do.

V1, thankfully, understood better than he did.

It pinned him back to the ground with a hand, then crawled backwards, using a knee to guide Gabriel's legs apart, and positioned itself in the space between his thighs.

It slipped a hand up and under his skirt, one of his only actual pieces of clothing, and ran it up the length of his inner thigh.

Gabriel whined, nearly gasping for air as his legs trembled around the Machine. He strained to buck his hips upwards again, but two more hands around his leg and hip held him in place.

V1's touches were exploratory at first, feeling out the area it couldn't see beneath the skirt. It paused for a moment as it palmed over his featureless crotch.

An angel's reproductive organs were only accessible immediately after a molt. Even the short amount of time that had passed since Gabriel's molt was enough that any openings were fully covered and sealed, not that Gabriel's lust-crazed body seemed to care about that particular fact.

Testing whether or not the region was still erogenous, V1 scratched a claw in a quick, delicate stroke down Gabriel's crotch.

His responding howl of pleasure was all the confirmation it needed to continue.

It ground its palm against him, pressing hard into the flesh and following it with a kneading motion.

Gabriel cried out again, writhing on the ground beneath V1.

He felt like weeping. It was so good. So much better than his shameful fantasies could have compared to. Too good. Too much and yet not enough. He wanted it to last forever, yet at the same time, if his pleasure just kept building like this much longer he was going to lose his mind. His body was desperate for release.

"Please, please, Machine!" he begged. "Oh God, *please!*"

V1 pressed into his groin again, then released, then pressed again, back and forth in a rhythm, throwing in softer strokes and kneads, occasionally, between thrusts.

Its other three hands gripped at the meat of his thighs and splayed across his stomach.

Its wings twitched and its fans whirred loudly. Whatever passed for pleasure for machines, it seemed to be getting it just from being able to drive Gabriel to such a debauched state, wringing pleasure from him, along with a chorus of shouts, sighs, and moans.

Gabriel might have wondered, were he able to focus on anything but the building ecstasy in his core, if it came from a machine meant for war finding satisfaction in bringing a powerful foe completely under its power or if it was something churning in the unholy mix of flesh and metal that comprised its innards that bordered just close enough to a living thing to borrow their hungers for more than just blood.

As it stood, Gabriel's thoughts were preoccupied.

He felt the coiling heat in his gut teetering on a precipice, so close to tipping over, but just agonizingly out of reach.

With a ruthless swipe of its claws down Gabriel's stomach, leaving crimson trails in its wake, V1 finally sent him crashing into ecstasy with a scream of both pain and rapture.

A rush of relief and pure pleasure spread from his core out to every inch of his body, years of stifled desire and thwarted lust finally being satisfied.

He rode out the wave of pleasure, hips rolling rhythmically up into V1, before falling back, utterly spent.

V1 lowered itself to lie on his chest, top two arms propped up on their elbows and head resting on its hands. Its optic tilted at him in a manner that struck him as distinctly playful or perhaps teasing.

After taking another moment to catch his breath, Gabriel cleared his throat.

"...Thank you, Machine. I…uh…think that was a long time coming."

He winced internally.

Bad choice of words.

V1's fans whirred in a quick rhythm that sounded almost like chuckling.

"*My point being* that I recognize this was perhaps…uncharacteristic of me."

V1 shifted to lean its head against one fist, optic lidded and head tilted as if to say *'You don't say?'*.

"I…didn't intend to throw myself at you like that," Gabriel said, true remorse coloring his tone. "Not that I don't trust your ability to refuse an advance you have no interest in, of course. You just…Your request was an innocent one, you had no way of knowing the implications of your actions and I overestimated my own self control. I should have been clear with you."

V1 didn't change position, but the lid of its optic raised again, ridding it of the slight sarcastic appearance to its expression.

"Angels can only…reproduce in the very short period after we shed our old armor," Gabriel explained, trying to push through the embarrassment of explaining aspects of his own biology. "We were always encouraged to be alone during this time. To reflect and repent. To be present directly after a molt, especially to assist in the molting process, would only really be with the intention…that is to say…if one was asking to…uh…"

Gabriel trailed off as he felt V1 drumming its fingers against his chest plate in sequence, over and over.

Its optic was half lidded again but in such a way that indicated a sort of intensity, rather than sarcasm or exasperation.

Its glowing, golden eye seemed to bore into him.

“Uh…is that your way of saying you…with understanding of implications, uh…don't rescind your earlier offer?”

V1 lifted its head off its hand and drummed against Gabriel's armor with all four sets of fingers, optic still staring him down.

Gabriel swallowed.

“Noted,” he said, his voice squeaking slightly.

So help him, if he had to tear his own arm off himself to trigger it, Gabriel would make sure he had another molt soon.

Though V1 had better not fucking steal it.

Notes:

This idea started as a shitpost I made on tumblr and somehow became my first ever posted smut fic. What a world. Where and when does this happen? Not important. Why would angels even need to procreate in the first place? Take that up with God.

I simply think angels is bugs or perhaps a kind of shrimp. Title is in reference to the video of the voice actor for Gabriel screaming "SIX DOLLAR SRIMP SPECIAL!" in Gabriel's voice.

Series this work belongs to:

- Part 1 of Angels is Bugs (http://archiveofourown.org/series/3953374) Next Work → (http://archiveofourown.org/works/53264053)

Close (#)